The ſhepherd and the King, and of Gillian the ſhepherds Wife, with her entertain and Anſwer.
Being full of mirth and paſtime. To the Tune of Flying Fame.





IN Elder time there as of yore,
when guldes of churliſh glee,
Were uſ'd among our Country Carls,
though no ſuch thing now be:
The which King Alfred liking well,
forſook his ſtately Court,
And in diſguiſe unknown went forth,
to ſee that jovial ſport,
How Dick and Tom in clouted ſhoon,
and coats of ruſſet gray,
Eſteem'd themſelves more brave then
that went in Golden Ray; (them,
In garments fit for ſuch a life,
the good King Alfred went,
All rag'd and torn as from his back
the beggar his cloaths had rent.
A ſword and buckler good and ſtrong,
to give Jack Sauce a way,
And on his head inſtead of a Crown,
he wore a Monmouth Cap.
Thus coaſting thorow Somerſetſhire,
near Newton Court he met,
A Shepherd Swain of luſty limb,
that up and down did jet:
He wore a bonnet of good gray,
cloſe buttoned to his chin,
And at his back a Leather ſcrip,
with much good meat therein.
God ſpeed good Shepherd, quoth the King
I come to be thy Gueſt,
To taſte of thy good victuals here,
and drink that's of the beſt:
Thy ſcrip I know hath cheer good ſtore,
what then the Sherherd ſaid?
Thou ſeem'ſt to be ſome ſturdy thief,
and mak'ſt me ſore afraid.
Yet if thou wilt thy dinner win
the Sword and Buckler take,
And if thou canſt into my ſcrip
therewith an entrance make,
I tell the roiſter it hath ſtore,
of Beef and Bacon fat,
With chieves of barly bread to make
thy chaps to water at:
Here ſtands my bottle, here my bag,
Againſt the ſword and buckler here
my ſhephook is my maſter.
Benedicite now, quoth our good King
it never ſhall be ſaid,
That Alfred of the ſhepherds hook
will ſtand a whit afraid:
So ſoundly thus they both fell to't,
and giving bang for bang,
At every blow the ſhepherd gave
King Alfreds ſword cry'd twang.
His buckler prov'd his chiefeſt fence
for ſtill the ſhepherds hook,
Was that the which King Alfred could
in no good manner brook:
At laſt when they had fought 4 hours,
and it grew juſt mid-day,
And wearied both with right good will
deſired each others ſtay.
King, truce I cry quoth Alfred then,
good ſhepherd hold thy hand,
A ſturdier fellow then thy ſelf
lives not within this land.
Nor a luſtier Roiſter then thou art,
the churliſh ſhepherd ſaid,
To tell thee plain thy thiefiſh looks,
now makes my heart afraid;
Elſe ſure thou art ſome prodigal
which hath conſum'd thy ſtore
And now camſt wandring in this place
to rob and ſteal for more:
Deem not of me then quoth our King
good ſhepherd in this ſort,
A Gentleman well known I am
in good King Alfreds Court.
The Devil thou art, the ſhepherd ſaid
thou goeſt in raggs all torn,
Thou rather ſeem'ſt I think to be
ſome beggar baſely born;
But if thou wilt mend thy eſtate,
and here a ſhepherd be,
At night to Gillian my ſweet wife
thou ſhalt go home with me.
For ſhe's as good a toothleſs dame
as mumbleth on browu bread,
Where thou ſhalt lie in purden ſheets,
[illegible] freſh ſtrain bed.
Of whig and whey we have good ſtore,
and keep good peaſe ſtraw fires,
And now and then good barly Cakes
as better days requires.
But for my maſter which is chief,
and Lord of Newton Court,
He keeps I ſay, his ſhepherds ſwains
in far more braver ſort;
We there have curds & clouted cream
of red Cows morning milk,
And now and then fine buttered cakes
as ſoft as any ſilk.
Of Beef and reiſed Bacon ſtore
that is moſt fat and greaſie,
We have likewiſe to feed our chaps,
and make them glib and eaſie.
Thus if thou wilt my man become,
this uſage thou ſhalt have,
If not adieu go hang thy ſelf
and ſo farewel Sir Knave.
King Alfred hearing of this glee,
the churliſh ſhepherd ſaid,
Was well content to be his man,
ſo they a bargain made.
A penny round the ſhepherd gave,
in earneſt of this match,
To keep his ſheep in field and fold
as ſhepherds uſe to watch.
His wages ſhall be full ten groats
for ſervice of a year,
Yet was it not his uſe old Lad
to hire a man ſo dear.
For did the King himſelf (quoth he)
unto my cottage come,
He ſhould not for a 12 months pay
receive a greater ſumm.
Hereat the bonny King grew blith
to hear the clowniſh ſelt,
How filly ſots as cuſtome is
do diſcant at the beſt.
But not to ſpoil the fooliſh ſport
he was content good King,
To ſit the ſhepherds humour right
in every kind of thing,
A ſheep-hook then with patch his dog
and Tar-box by his ſide.

The second Part, To the same Tune.

He with his Master jig by jowl,
unto old Gillian hy'd,
Into whose sight no sooner came,
whom have you here (quoth she)
A fellow I doubt will cut our throats,
so like a knave looks he.
Not so old Dame qd. Alfred straight,
of me you need not fear,
My Master hired me for ten Groats
to serve you one whole year:
So good dame Gillian grant me leave
within your house to stay,
For by Saint Ann do what you can,
I will not yet away.
Her churlish usage pleas'd him still,
put him to such proof,
That he at night was almost choakt,
within that smoaky Roof:
But as he sat with smiling cheer,
the event of all to see,
His dame brought forth a piece of dow
which in the fire throws she;
Where lying on the Earth to bake,
by chance the Cake did burn,
What canst thou not, thou lout (qd. she)
take pains the same to turn:
Thou art more quick to take it out
and eat it up half Dow,
Then thus to stay til't be enough,
and so thy manners show.
But serve me such another trick,
I'le thwack thee on the snout,
Which made the patient King good man
of her to stand in doubt,
But to bed to bed they went.
the good Old Man and his Wife,
But never such a Lodging had,
King Alfred in his life:
For he was laid in white sheeps wooll
new pull'd from tanned fells,
And o're his head hang'd spiders webs
as if they had been bells,
As this the Country guise thought he,
then here I will not stay,
But hence be gone, as soon as breaks,
the peeping of next day.
The cackling Hens & Geese kept roost
and pearched at his side,
Where at the last the watchful Cock,
made known the morning tide;
Then up got Alfred with his horn,
and blew so long a blast,
That made Gillian and his Groom,
in bed fast fore again.
Arise, quoth she we are undone,
this night we lodged have.
At unawares within our house,
a false dissembling knave;
Rise husband, rise, he'l cut our throats
he calleth for his Mates,
Ide give old Will our good Cade lamb,
he would depart our gates.

But still King Alfred blew his horn,
before them more and more,
Till that a hundred Lords and Knights,
all lighted at the door:
Which cry'd all hail, all hail, good King
long have we look'd your Grace,
And here you find (my merry men all)
your Soveraign in this place.
We shall surely be hang'd up both,
old Gillian I much fear,
The shepherd said for using thus,
our good King Alfred here:
O pardon my Liege, qd. Gillian then
for my Husband and for me,
By these ten bones I never thought,
the same that now I see;
And by my hook the Shepherd said,
an Oath both good and true,
Before this time O Noble King,
I never your Highness knew:
Then pardon me and my old Wife,
that we may after say,
When first you came into our house,
it was a happy day.
It shall be done said Alfred straight,
and Gillian my Old Dame,
For this thy churlish using me,
deserveth not much blame;
For this thy Country guise I see,
to be thus bluntish still,
And where the plainest meaning is,
remains the smallest ill.
And Master lo I tell thee now,
for thy low manhood shown
A thousand Weathers I'le bestow,
upon thee for thy own.
And pasture ground as much as will,
suffice to feed them all,
And this thy Cottage I will change,
into a stately Hall.
As for the same as duty binds,
the Shepherd said good King,
A milk-white Lamb once every year,
I'le to your Highness bring:
And Gillian my wife likewise,
of Wooll to make you Coats,
Will give you as much at New-years
as shall be worth ten groats.
And in your praise my Bagpipe shall
sound sweetly once a year,
How Alfred our renowned King
most kindly hath been here,
Thanks shepherd, thanks, qd. he again,
the next time I come hither,
My Lords with me here in this house
will all be merry together.

FINIS.

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